

ESCAPE from the GREMLINS

GREMLINS 

STORY 3



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This is the story of Escape from the Gremlins. You can read along with me in your book. You will know it is time to turn the page when you hear the chimes ring like this...

Let's begin now:

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Billy Peltzer had received a gift from his father—a friendly Mogwai creature named Gizmo. A Mogwai is cute, furry and *little*, but the responsibility of owning one is *big*.

Billy had broken one of the Mogwai rules when he spilled water on Gizmo, which created five new Mogwai. These new creatures, led by Stripe, were sneaky and mischievous. They tricked Billy into breaking another rule... feeding them after midnight. The five Mogwai had covered themselves in large, sticky cocoons. And when they broke out a day later, they had changed!



The new creatures were no longer warm and cuddly. They were mean and destructive, as Billy found out when he came home from work. The Christmas tree was smashed, the kitchen a mess and his room a disaster. Worst of all, they had beaten up Gizmo.

Billy found his tiny pet trembling in the corner, and he gently placed him into his nylon backpack. "Come on, Gizmo. We've got to go after those monsters. You ride shotgun." Billy grabbed a flashlight, and they headed out into the cold winter night.

In moments, Billy found a set of tracks in the snow. "Hmm. These



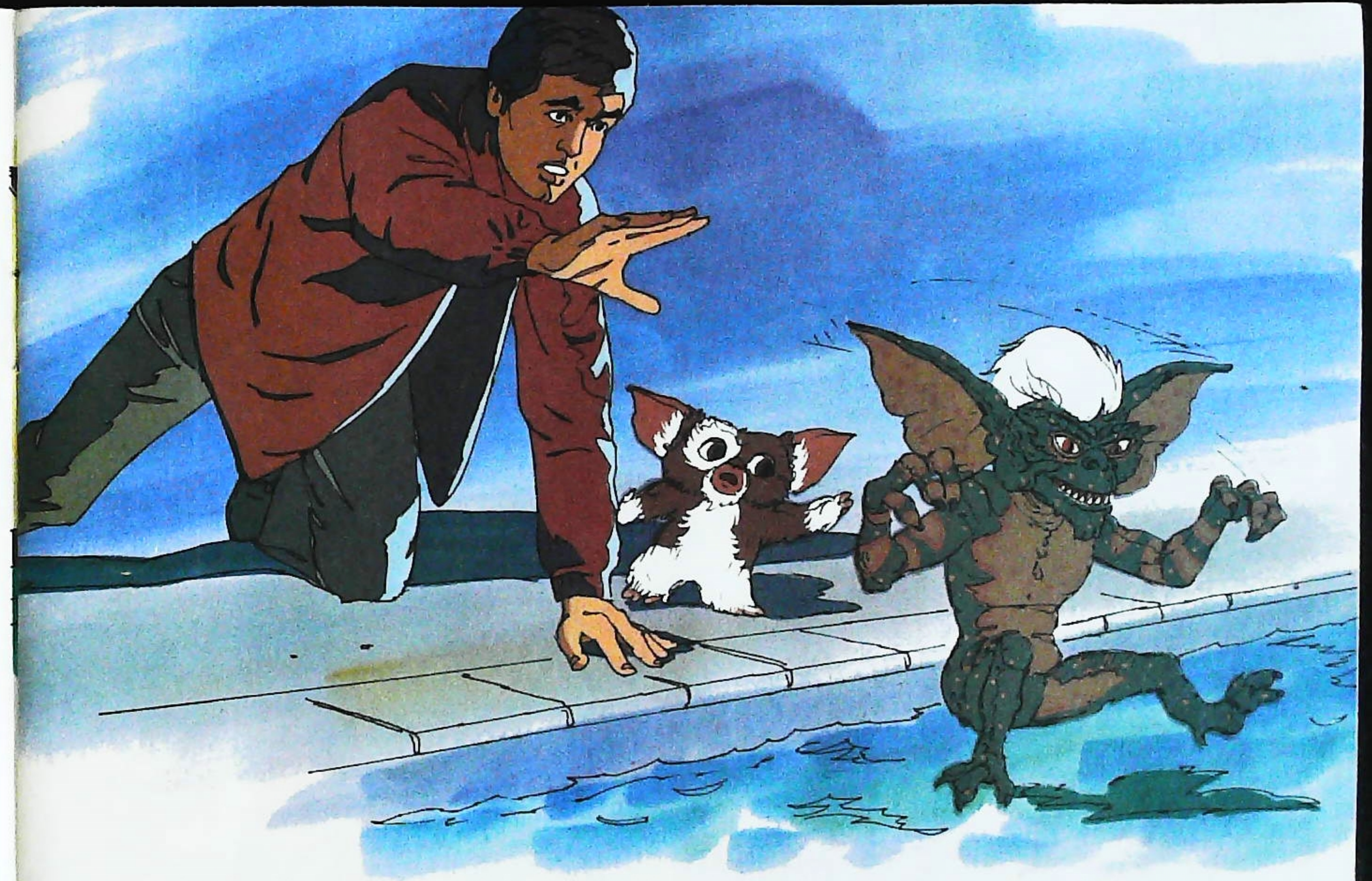
footprints go straight toward the local gymnasium. And look, Gizmo, the front window's broken. They must be inside."

Billy cautiously entered the silent building. "Boy, I can't see a thing in here, Giz. Let's find the light switch." His footsteps echoed ominously as he stalked across the empty gymnasium. "I know they're in here somewhere, Gizmo."

Something shot out at him. "What's that?! Oh, whew. It's only a basketball." A jeering, high-pitched laugh filled the building. Billy gripped his flashlight. "The creature is toying with me, Gizmo. He could have attacked, but he didn't."

The nasty laughter suddenly stopped. It was deathly quiet. "I think I see the light control box, Gizmo. Now we'll fix him."

Billy approached the electrical cabinet and opened it. Crouching inside the box was Stripe! Only now he was no longer a furry little Mogwai—he was bigger and vicious-looking. He still had his white stripe, but his fur had been replaced with hard, scaly armor. Instead of paws, he displayed sharp, three-fingered claws. And a huge mouth, filled with pointed gleaming teeth, wrapped around his face in a wicked grin. Stripe had become a Gremlin!

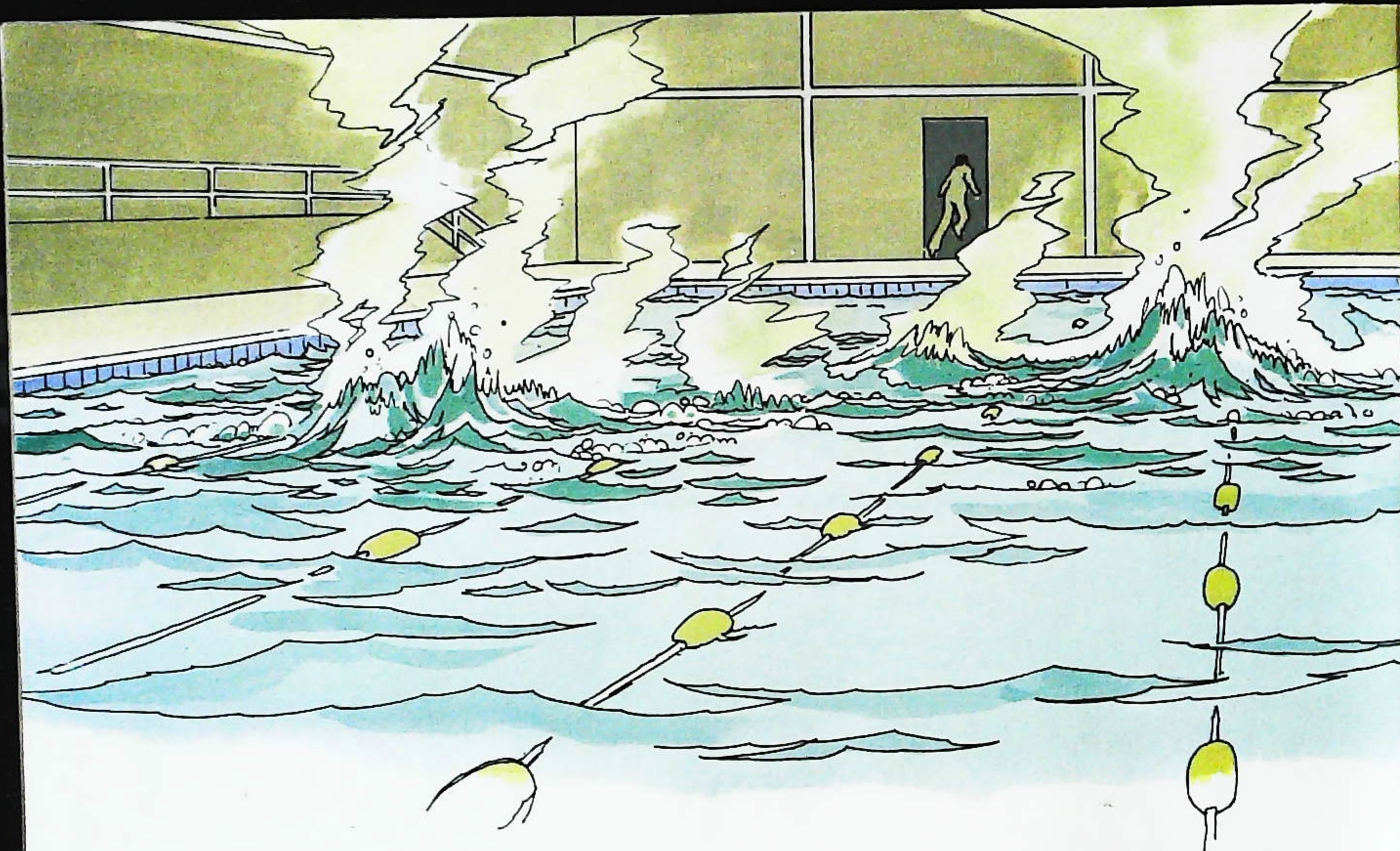


Stripe leaped straight at Billy, knocking him down and tumbling Gizmo out of the backpack. With one mighty swipe of his muscular arm, the Gremlin shredded Billy's sweater.

Stripe stood over Billy as if to attack again, but he didn't. Instead, he just smiled wickedly, cackled one last hideous laugh and leaped off in the opposite direction.

Suddenly, Billy realized where Stripe was headed. "No! Don't jump in the swimming pool! Stop!"

It was too late. The Gremlin had splashed into the water.



Billy sprang to his feet. "This is awful, Gizmo. The water will react with Stripe's skin, and he'll multiply. Soon there'll be thousands of Gremlins!" Already the water was bubbling with the creation of new creatures. Soon the pool churned and boiled as countless Gremlins multiplied faster and faster.

Billy picked up Gizmo and raced to the door. "We've got to get help, Giz. We won't be able to stop them alone." As Billy stumbled outside, he heard Stripe's familiar Gremlin laugh... only now it was multiplied by the hundreds!

Billy ran all the way to the Police Station. "Quick! The town's in danger! The gym is full of these... these Gremlins!"

"Oh, yeah? Like this one here?" A policeman grinned at harmless, little Gizmo. "He sure looks mighty ferocious to me!"

"No, this is a Mogwai—he's friendly. Gremlins are nasty..."

"Billy, go home. We've got no time for pranks." The officer waved Billy aside as he answered his phone. He listened briefly and then turned to his partner. "Freak accident. Seems an animal yanked down all of Mrs. Nager's outdoor Christmas lights."

Billy interrupted. "That was no accident—it was the Gremlins!"





Billy was right—the town was being overrun by Gremlins! The police switchboard lit up as more and more people called in.

"This is Mrs. Deagle. I demand you do something about these creatures outside my house. They're scaring my cats and making me upset!"

The phone rang again. "Something's inside the mailbox on the corner! It's throwing out all the letters!"

"Hurry, please! There's a 'thing' swinging on my television antenna, and it's messing up my favorite show!"



"You guys better get down here to Main Street. Somebody's playing with the traffic light, and it's green in all directions. There've been two accidents already!"

The Gremlins were running wild all over Kingston Falls. They broke windows, knocked over garbage cans, and destroyed parked cars. They even chased passers-by, stealing articles of clothing and then strutting around proudly with their new coats, hats and scarves.





Gremlins broke into the local radio station and smashed all the records. Then they started singing into the announcer's microphone. Soon radios were playing their creepy songs all over town.

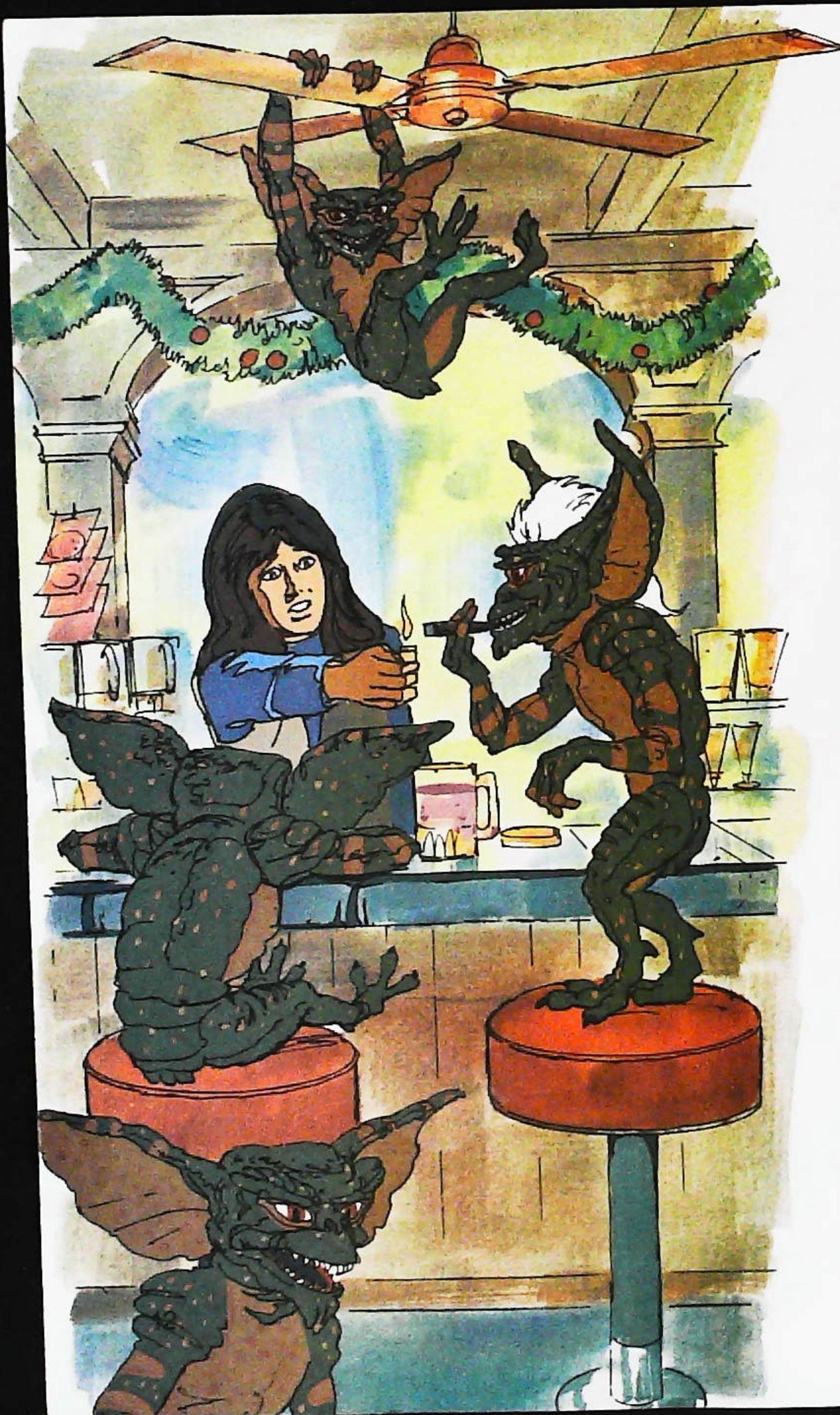
Not far away, Mr. Futterman was relaxing at home when he heard his snowplow start up outside. "What's going on? Martha, look! My plow is driving by itself. Wait! It's coming this way! Run!" The plow crashed right through the Futtermans' living room — thanks to you know who! The Gremlins didn't like people. They didn't like the town. In fact, the only thing they *did* like was making trouble.

Down the block, Gremlins were knocking over snowmen, breaking windows, and yanking up shrubs. Billy's friend, Pete, watched them carry stuff out of a garage and scatter it in the street. Then they climbed onto Pete's roof.

Pete leaned out his upstairs window, aimed his slingshot, and fired! A Gremlin toppled over backwards. "I got him!"

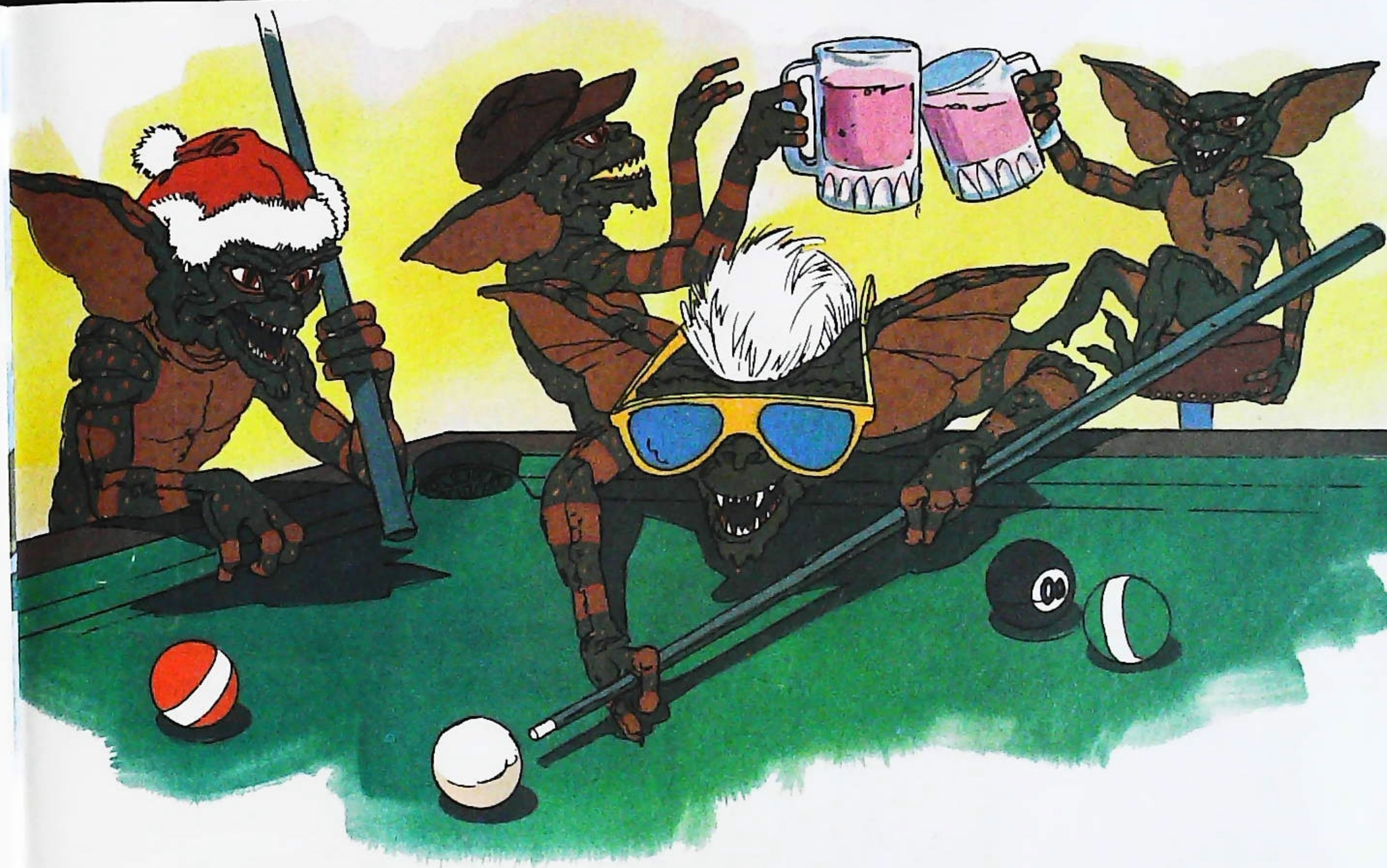
Pete aimed again. "I'll teach you to pull down our decorations! Pow! Got another one!" This one zinged off the roof, fell into a trash can, and rolled down the street. Pete loaded again. "Wow! This is more fun than an arcade!"





Downtown at Dorry's Pub, dozens of Gremlins had taken over the room driving out all the customers. The only person left was Kate, Billy's girlfriend. The Gremlins had trapped her inside, so she could serve them. They screeched at her for food and drink, and threw things at her when she didn't move fast enough.

Kate ducked a handful of peanuts. "Hold on. I'm working as fast as I can. Ow! What do you want? Stop it! I can't do everything at once!"



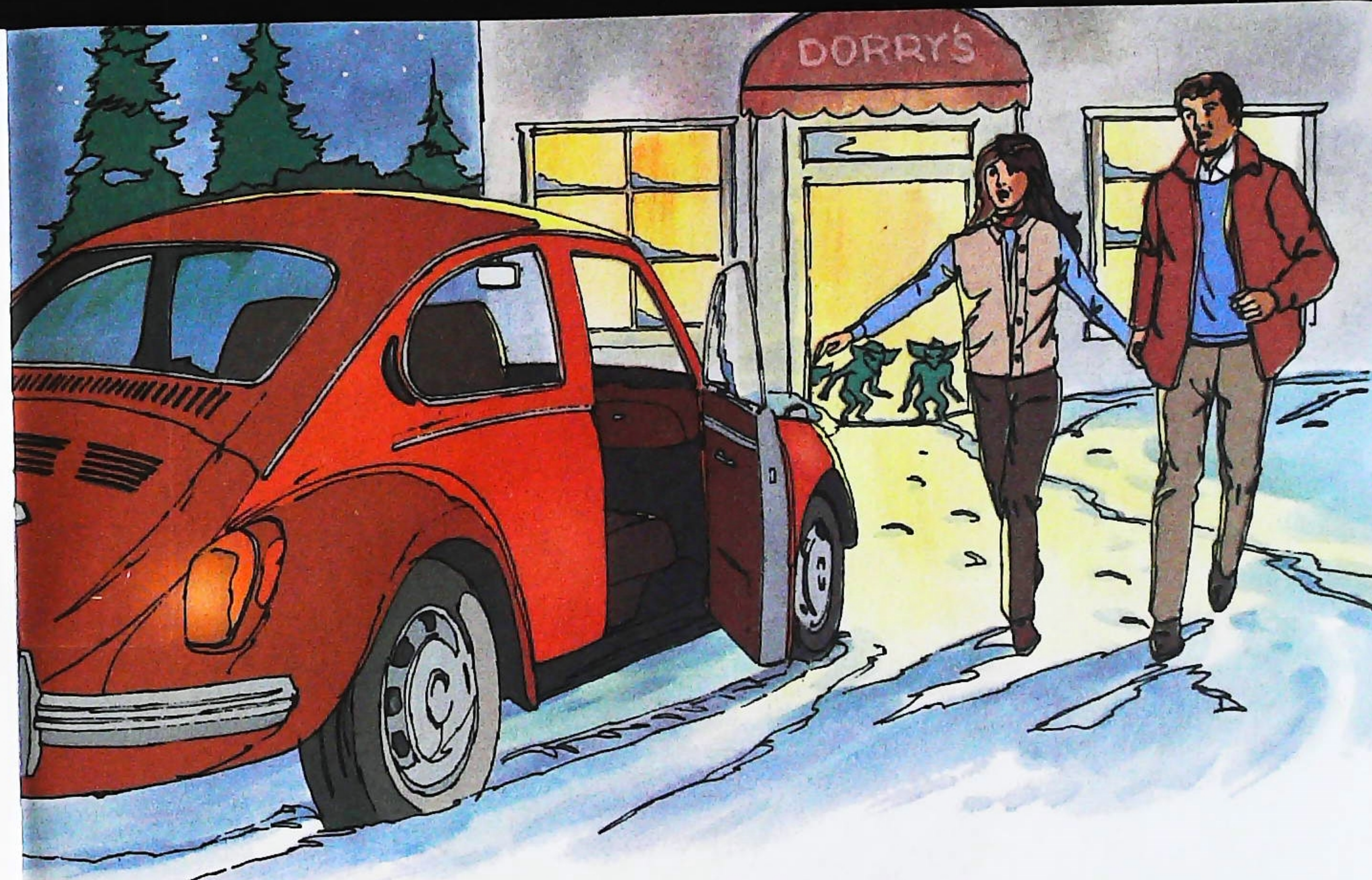
The pub was swarming with noisy, bad-tempered Gremlins. Some pulled down pictures and knocked over glasses. Others played cards and pinball. Two armwrestled in a corner, while several more tried to play pool. They ripped up the felt, cracked pool cues over each other's heads, and threw the billiard balls into the juke box. One Gremlin even swung from an overhead fan.

Another demanded that Kate light his cigar. She struck a match, and saw the Gremlin wince. "The light must hurt their eyes. That gives me an idea."



Kate searched behind the counter. "Ah, here's Dorry's camera!" She pointed the lens at the closest Gremlins. "Smile, turkeys!" The flashbar blazed, and the Gremlins howled in pain. They backed away from Kate, as she aimed again. "Let me through. Move over, you. Take that!" Time and again, she blinded the creatures, as she headed for the front door. There was only one Gremlin left in her way. "Back off, buster." She clicked the camera. Nothing happened.

"Oh, no. I've used up all the flashes!" The angry Gremlins quickly surrounded Kate. Now they would never let her escape!



Then bright light flooded into the pub. The Gremlins screamed and covered their eyes. Kate looked outside to see headlights from a parked car shining straight into the pub. A figure climbed out of the driver's seat. "Kate! It's me, Billy! Come on!" Kate ran outside and jumped into Billy's car.

"Careful, Kate. You almost sat on Gizmo!" Billy turned the key, but the car wouldn't start. "What a time for it to act up! Come on. Let's make a run for it! The headlights should keep them trapped for a while."

Billy grabbed Kate's hand, and they raced down the snowy street. "Let's duck into the bank. We'll be safe in there."

Kate followed Billy into the deserted building and caught her breath. "Oh, Billy. I've never been so scared in my life! Thanks for saving me." She hugged him fondly. "What's going on, Billy? What are those creatures?"

"It's a long story, Kate. But the most important thing is we beat them!" Gizmo shook his tiny head. "Ha, ha. Well, little guy, at least we beat them *for now!*"



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